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SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH



# Shakespeare's As You Like It

EDITED BY

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# INTRODUCTION

## I. THE THEATRE IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH

THE accents of Shakespeare ring immortal even when separated from all the circumstances of performance with which they were associated and to which they were adapted, but must have sounded sweetest in the ears of his own auditors, who were able to realise what he meant in a way that is impossible for us, owing to differences between the theatrical practices of the present time and the habits of his own stage, as well as to the passage of time, which causes even the simplest language to become obsolete and obscure. We of to-day are prone to forget the host of lesser dramatists who surrounded Shakespeare, several of them authors of works of great beauty and power; prone to forget that he was heir to a theatrical tradition at least four centuries old, and that during his residence in London twelve theatres were built there. If we could effectually realise all this, and with the knowledge of it in our minds, could see a play by Shakespeare performed in the manner in which it was performed in his own lifetime, there is no doubt that we should derive from the spectacle a keener pleasure than we can easily imagine.

During the first half of the sixteenth century inn-yards were the usual places of public theatrical performance in London: one of them was in Gracechurch Street, one in Bishopsgate Street, one in Ludgate Hill, one in Whitefriars, and one near to old St. Paul's. Under such conditions, with the stage surrounded by spectators, and the player embarrassingly

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close to his public, acting, to be effective, had to be rhetorical and vigorous: with no small part of the audience probably noisy and turbulent, attention had to be gained by resolute attack: and certain concessions, by means of rough comedy between the masses of more serious and refined matter, had to be made. These were the conditions with which Shakespeare was familiar in his early years in London. At Stratford-on-Avon the strolling actors who visited the town had perhaps played at the principal inn, or perhaps they had set up their stage upon the grass in some open space in the vicinity. In 1576—about nine years, possibly, before Shakespeare arrived in London—the first permanent and organised public theatre in England, and in modern Europe, was built by James Burbage, brother of the actor, Richard Burbage. Though it was modelled on an inn-yard, it was sufficiently elaborate to be referred to in a sermon preached in 1578 as “the gorgeous playing-place erected in the fields.” It was called the Theatre; it was circular in shape; and wood was the material of which it was made. For stage it had a movable platform on trestles, with a room behind, in which the actors dressed themselves. In addition to a pit which extended in front of the stage and partly round it the Theatre had three galleries. The roof was open to the winds of heaven. To afford the actors shelter from the rain without unduly darkening the house, or obstructing the spectators’ view from any part of it, a projecting roof was erected over the stage, which was called the “shadow” or the “heavens.” Above this, but further back, that is to say, above the actors’ living-room, was an apartment called the “turret” or the “hutch.” From the turret a flag bearing the symbol of the theatre was hoisted an hour or so before

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the performance. From here, just before the Prologue entered upon the stage, three blasts of a trumpet were blown. Here cannon were fired—a custom which led to the Globe being burnt down in 1613, during the first performance of *Henry VIII*. Here was situated the windlass by which figures or actors could be let down, and here heavy shot were rolled about to simulate thunder.

The Theatre was demolished in 1598, and largely out of its materials Richard Burbage, son of James, constructed the never-to-be-forgotten Globe. From various causes, the chief being the preservation of the contract for the Fortune Theatre, which was built a year later and was partly modelled on it, we know a good deal about the Globe, though not as much as we might desire to know. Since the theatre was probably opened in 1599, and since *As You Like It* belongs to the same year, it may well have been one of the first plays to be acted there. At any rate, we shall not be stretching historical likelihood too far, if, for the sake of gaining a clear picture of what an Elizabethan stage performance was like, we suppose that *As You Like It* was produced in the summer of 1599, at or soon after the opening of this famous theatre, and if we imagine ourselves present at the first performance. To do so we shall have to ride rough-shod over some difficulties, and to risk making some mistakes of fact. Still, the adventure is so well worth undertaking that we can hope to be excused for making a few mistakes in attempting it. It is certain, of course, that new discoveries will be made, so that our ideas of Elizabethan acting, staging properties, scenery, dress and audience will have to undergo modifications in the future. And, as a theatrical performance is made up of, and owes its effect to, a large number of details

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so closely bound together that the slightest alteration in one of them causes the whole to assume quite another appearance, these discoveries will have very important effects.

Before transporting ourselves in fancy to the Age of Elizabeth we must pause to reflect upon several things, lest we should fall into error. We might suppose, from all we have heard or may have heard, that the actors or playwrights of the time were held in small estimation, and belonged to a disorderly and reckless class. That would not be true of many of them. It was their custom to ally themselves with great nobles and other powerful patrons. A company of actors who were under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, favourite of the queen, acted in 1587 at Stratford-on-Avon, and it is not improbable that Shakespeare joined the company, and returned with it to London. They played first at the Cross Keys' Inn in Gracechurch Street, and then in the Rose Theatre. In 1593 they became known as the Lord Chamberlain's servants. In 1595, we know as a fact, Shakespeare and Richard Burbage were members of this company, and were playing at The Theatre. In the year 1599 they moved into the Globe. They were destined to a prosperous career, becoming members of the royal household in 1603, wearing the royal arms, and receiving the extraordinary privilege of being permitted to play both at the Globe and within any borough in the kingdom.

We have little certain knowledge of how Shakespeare spent his time. But we know that he was at the top of his profession, was much envied and admired by his colleagues, and must have been for many years one of the most conspicuous men in the city. Probably he attended rehearsals in the morning, and was often to be seen at the Mermaid

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Tavern in the evening, after the public performances were over. It is surprising, in view of the energy he must have devoted to acting and managing, that he could find time to produce two plays a year, on the average, during a period of eighteen years. For a play of the date of *As You Like It*, if he sold it, he might receive £14, which sum would possess something like the purchasing value of £150 of our money. The writing of plays was not, there is little doubt, his main source of income. He would receive more for acting. Somehow he obtained capital enough to purchase a four-tenths share in the Globe, and he had two shares in the Blackfriars Theatre. Of course he would have corresponding anxieties, for the company took a lease of the Globe for thirty-one years at £14 (Elizabethan money) a year, and he would have to subscribe £3 10s. of this, and he would have to support his share of the cost of upkeep, and of incidental expenses on dresses, scene-hangings, and servants, which in 1635 amounted to about £3 a day at the Blackfriars. From all these facts, though the details of the financial management of the Elizabethan theatres are very confused, we may hazard a guess that Shakespeare's income in 1600 might have been about £600 a year of Elizabethan money. At any rate, he earned enough to be able to purchase New Place at Stratford, to rehabilitate his family, to advance loans, and to retire comfortably at the age of forty-eight.

The belief is common that Elizabethan stage-performances were exceedingly simple in every way, and modern revivals sometimes attempt to recover this imagined simplicity. To the elaborate and realistic solid scenery of the twentieth century theatre they had no parallel, but that must not lead

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us to suppose that they were rude in every other respect. Properties were largely used, the dresses of the actors were often very rich, and painted hangings were employed in the same manner as nowadays. The inner part of the stage was probably decorated somewhat lavishly. Nevertheless, it is true that the principal appeal was to the ear, not to the eye. This restraint was partly deliberate, partly involuntary: it was not due to ignorance of stage-effects. Side by side with the Elizabethan plays there grew up in the sixteenth and early seventeenth century the custom of presenting masques at great houses and at court. These spectacles owed their attractiveness to the combined labours of poet, scenic artificer, and musician. Ben Jonson, who wrote many of them, said that painting and carpentry were the soul of masque. It may appear strange that the theatre should have lacked the illusions of scenery when masques were mounted with decorative profusion and mechanical ingenuity. But without the purse of Fortunatus the players could not hope to emulate the costly glories of the court performances; and as we shall see, with the stage divided as it was, with spectators crowding upon it, and no waits between the acts, the use of such scenery was impossible.

As a specimen of the mounting of the masques we may take part of Jonson's account of the setting of *The Masque of Blackness*, produced five or six years after *As You Like It*. "First," he says, "for the scene was drawn a landscape consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with buntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billow to break, as if imitating that orderly disorder which is common



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in nature." The bearers of the lights that illuminated the scene were dressed in sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, garlanded with sea-grass, and that struck with branches of coral. There were six tritons, a pair of mermaids, Oceanus, twelve nymphs, some negroes and some sea-nymphs. "These thus presented," he continues, "the scene behind seemed a vast sea, and, united with this that flowed from the termination, was drawn with the lines of perspective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty; to which was added an obscure and cloudy night piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Inigo Jones, his design and act."<sup>1</sup> Some of Inigo Jones' designs for masque scenery are preserved in the British Museum, so that accurate information about it, both in words and in drawings, has descended to us.

. . . . .

## II. THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

It is the summer of the year 1599, and we have decided to go to the Globe to witness the first performance of *As You Like It*, the flag having been raised over the theatre to show that the piece will be rendered to-day. We will journey thither on horseback, looking curiously round at this city of 300,000 inhabitants, with its recently-paved streets, and high-gabled, red-roofed houses, built two or more storeys high, of timber and plaster, each having its projecting sign. "In every street cats make such a thundering

<sup>1</sup> Jonson *Works*, ed. Cunningham, vol. iii. p. 384.

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on the cobbles, as if the world ran upon wheels; at every corner men, women, and children meet in such shoals that posts are set up of purpose to strengthen the houses, lest with jostling one another, the people should shoulder them down. . . . Here are porters sweating under burdens, there merchants' men bearing bags of money." <sup>1</sup> We ride on southwards towards London Bridge, and come in sight of the Thames, which is blue and clear, in spite of the already large consumption of coal; it is covered with multitudes of barges and small boats, which maintain a great company of watermen. The river runs gently between the green meadows and pleasant gardens that border its stream, and on its broad bosom float numbers of swans. Now we are crossing the river, which is hidden from us by the tall houses that line both sides of the bridge. At the Southwark end stands a tower, above which we are horrified to see a score of mouldering human heads fixed on pikes. On reaching the southern shore we turn and ride along the Bankside, through streets and over light bridges, and shortly come in sight of the Globe itself.

It is a high circular building, about ninety feet in diameter, with two doors. From the turret, which stands higher than the remainder of the building, is hanging the flag which signals to us that the performance is to take place to-day. We enter, paying at the door one penny (then worth more than tenpence of our money), but receiving no ticket. A hurried glance informs us that we have passed directly into the pit, that the place is circular inside as well as outside, and that its three galleries are each about fourteen feet deep. The stage extends into the pit: it is surrounded by a low

<sup>1</sup> Dekker, *The Seven Deadly Sins of London*.

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paling, and is bounded at the back by a curtain. The part that we can see is between twenty and thirty feet in depth, and from twenty to twenty-five feet wide at its widest part, narrowing to the front, so that it is wedge-shaped.

But our attention is almost immediately drawn from the playhouse to the audience. It is now two o'clock in the afternoon, and the theatre is apparently almost full, although before the performance commences, we have still an hour to wait. The dresses of many of the people, of all who can afford it, it would seem, are parti-coloured and gay. The men have doublets, that is, close-fitting body garments, with puffed sleeves. Here comes one splendid dandy, who is stalking towards a small door that serves to lead to the rooms behind the stage. His head is dressed up in white feathers like a shuttlecock. The collar of his doublet rises up high and sharp against his throat, and its sleeves, instead of being puffed, are very tight. But his breeches are enormously wide and deep, and are of a buff colour; at his knees he wears pink rosettes. Behind him a boy bears his cloak, which is made of plum-coloured velvet. His rapier's hilt is all embossed with gold, costly enough to drink up a year's revenue from his lands. Casting our eyes lower, we see on his feet a pair of boots of Spanish leather, with such artificial plaits and wrinkles that they look as if they were linen just come from the hands of his laundress; and these boots have huge tops, that seem almost to swallow up his legs. As he walks his spurs and sword make such a jingle that it can be heard even above the noise of the voices around us. His beard is cut in the Italian fashion, and his moustache is turned up at the ends towards his forehead like two horns. It is a world to behold the costliness and the curiosity, the excess

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and the vanity, the pomp and the bravery, the contrast and variety of the dress of many around us. There goes to the gallery door Mistress Minx, the merchant's wife, that will eat no cherries, forsooth, but when they are twenty shillings a pound, and trips along as gingerly as if she was dancing, talking all the while in a finical squeaking voice to her companion.<sup>1</sup> She wears a mask, but, if we could catch a glimpse of her face we should perceive it to be rouged; her hair is dyed the fashionable auburn colour, and its quantity is increased on either side of her forehead by means that were never got from nature. She has a cap of white lawn, a stiff ruff, a hooped farthingale or skirt, and silk stockings.

The audience is in good humour, because, although it is raining a little, the brightness of the sky shows that this will soon cease. Many people who have ensured a good place by coming early have bought nuts, fruit, and bottled beer from the attendants, and are dining on them. There is no music to while away the time of waiting, but many card-parties have been formed, and some of the money that is changing hands cannot be said to have been fairly won. On the stage is a board which informs us that "The Pleasant and Witty Comedy of *As You Like It*, together with Touchstone the Clown," will be played by "the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants." We notice a confirmation of the announcement that the play is a comedy in the blue colour of the stage hangings. If they had been black we should be about to witness a tragedy. As the audience seems very rough in this part of the house, consisting mainly of coal heavers, bricklayers, serving-men, and others of that sort, we move

<sup>1</sup> See Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*.

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towards one of the doors which admit to the galleries, ascending by a staircase, and being charged another penny for admittance to it. Then, copying the example of those around us, we provide ourselves with stools and cushions. Were we to desire a seat on the stage, by the time we had secured the most coveted place in the theatre, with all the comforts and luxuries that the house affords, we might have spent the equivalent of twenty-four shillings of modern money. From the stage we should have a full view of the eight hundred or thousand persons who now fill the building. Dekker, or it may be Middleton, has left us a description of the audience as seen from the stage of *The Fortune*:

The furniture that doth adorn this room  
Cost many a fair grey groat ere it came here . . .  
Nay, when you look into my galleries,  
How bravely they're trimmed up, you all shall swear  
You're highly pleased to see what's set down there:  
Stories of men and women, mixed together,  
Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in rough weather.  
Within one square a thousand heads are laid,  
So close that all of heads the room seems made:  
As many faces there, filled with blithe looks,  
Shew like the promising titles of new books. . . .  
And here and there, while with obsequious ears  
Thronged heaps do listen, a cutpurse thrusts and leers,  
With hawk's eyes for his prey; I need not shew him:  
By a hanging villainous look yourselves may know him,  
The face is drawn so rarely. Then, sir, below,  
The very floor, as 'twere, waves to and fro,  
And like a floating island, seems to move  
Upon a sea bound in with shores above.

*The Roaring Girl.*

We do indeed notice a commotion in one part, where somebody appears to be receiving no very gentle usage. But he is rescued by the theatre attendants, and after the articles

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he has conveyed to himself have been restored to their owners he is hauled to the centre of the pit, and tied securely to one of the small posts at the side of the stage. He will be lucky if he can bribe someone to let him escape at the end of the performance; otherwise he will probably be burned in the ears, retaining the mark of his theft for the rest of his life.

The curtains that divide the stage in the middle are now drawn to each side so that we have a clear view right through to the room at the back, which contains several fruit trees in pots. We are astonished to observe that a number of the most fashionable spectators are coming from the actors' dressing-room on the stage itself, carrying a stool in one hand, and a sixpenny piece in the other, which money they give to the attendant stationed there: some, however, have no stools, but throw their cloaks on the ground and lie down. Among the crowd of gallants we recognise the gorgeously-dressed fop whom we saw crossing the pit half-an-hour ago. In common with several others he is smoking tobacco in a clay pipe; he speaks so loud that we can hear him ask whose play this is. When he is told that it is by William Shakespeare he rises, screwing his face into a discontented look, and exclaiming that he feared as much, and will go to a tavern, for he could never endure the stupidity of that coxcomb. Some of the audience seem mightily impressed by this piece of dramatic criticism, but others in the pit shout loudly "Away with the fool." He has, of course, no intention of going, and in a moment or two lies down again, well satisfied with the attention he has drawn to himself. During the performance he pretends to be bored, picks up a straw from the floor, and with it tickles the ear of the man

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next to him, mews like a cat at the ends of long speeches, and whistles when Touchstone is speaking.<sup>1</sup>

On the stage, besides the gallants, are some men of different appearance, dramatic authors who have free admission; and some others with notebooks who seem to be going to make critical memoranda upon the acting. We shall observe one or two of these very busy during the performance. In fact, they are furtively taking down in shorthand parts of the play, which will afterwards be brought together more or less imperfectly, in an attempt to produce and sell a pirated edition. We heard afterwards that an edition of the play was actually made in this manner, and that the title was entered on the Stationers' Register, in an attempt to publish. But the project was discovered, and nothing followed from it. The authors themselves considered it bad business, and a breach of faith with the company to publish in book form any play so long as it retained its popularity on the stage. *As You Like It* became such a favourite that it was never printed separately, and did not appear for reading till it was included in the first folio edition of Shakespeare's Works, in 1623.

The numerous persons sitting or standing on the stage occupy so much room that there does not seem to be sufficient space left for the actors. The audience in the pit are of the same opinion, and can be heard expressing their annoyance in terms more forcible than polite.

At this moment we realise suddenly that the stage is not at all like that of a modern theatre. The modern stage is equivalent to a room with one wall taken out, so that the audience are, as it were, let into the secrets of a piece of

<sup>1</sup> See Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook*.

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life-history without the participators being aware of the intrusion. But the Elizabethan stage we are looking at is a platform, from which the actor will advance now and then to the front, forget his colleagues for a period, and declaim to the audience that surrounds him exactly as a public speaker does. This difference helps to account for the lengthy speeches, the rhetoric, and the poetry of the Elizabethan plays, as compared with the conversational drama of our own time. In the earlier plays an actor would even make an occasional direct address to the audience, mentioning it in his speech. A second structural difference is that at each side of the curtains there is a door, by which the players will enter in sight of the audience. In the middle of the wall of the back stage under "the heavens" is another door, and on each side of it are windows through which look a number of spectators, and some of the actors. Above the curtains, but still under the heavens, is placed another window on a level with the second gallery, which presents the appearance of a balcony.

The performance is now about to commence, for three blasts are blown on a trumpet to produce silence, and a boy dressed in black places at one side of the stage a board on which is written "An Orchard of Oliver's House." A tall young man in ordinary Elizabethan dress, and another actor made up to look like a very old man enter by one of the side doors. At their appearance the entire audience breaks into loud applause, which is continued so long that we feel surprised until we realise that the actor who is presenting Old Adam is no other than Shakespeare himself. He advances to the front and bows, and then turns to the matter in hand, listening with deference to the long opening speech of Orlando,



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his masters' brother. The youth who is acting the part of Orlando looks towards the audience, and advancing in his turn to the front of the stage begins his speech, which explains how ill he is treated by his brother, and the other circumstances that we must know before we can understand the commencement of the play. Oliver, his brother, then comes before us, attired very fashionably, and speaking in a high and haughty voice. The actors, when they are not declaiming, converse quite naturally, but speak fast, until the time arrives for Orlando and Adam to go off. Every time that a long speech occurs, however, they turn their attention more directly and evidently to the people in the pit, and sometimes come to the very apex of the stage.

At the close of this scene the curtains are drawn across, so that the back stage is concealed from sight, a board is put out bearing the words "A Lawn before the Duke's Palace," and without any delay two handsome youths dressed as ladies of rank walk in from one of the side doors, conversing as they move forward. We learn immediately that these two are Rosalind and Celia, for as they enter they address one another by name. This device for giving the audience the necessary information is employed wherever needed throughout the play. In some cases no name is announced, but by some means a description of the character is introduced at the time of his appearance, or just before it. In the case of Touchstone, who is dressed as a fool or jester, with cap and bells, which was a stock character well known to all playgoers, no such description is required, but even he makes reference to himself in his first speech, saying "Hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?" and the two ladies continue in like vein, elaborating it by intimating

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that the fool in the play will not be a mere clown who will indulge in horse-play, but shrewd sometimes in his replies, so that he will prove the whetstone of wit. Thus no chance of ambiguity is left. The two young men act the parts of women with great naturalness, both in manner of movement and carriage, and in modes of speech, in this far surpassing the skill that would be expected from a modern actor playing a similar part, because all women's parts were at that time played by men, and they had a strong force of traditional practice behind them. To *As You Like It*, moreover, the acting of women's parts in this way is specially adapted, because Rosalind has disguised herself as a man, and so the actor who is playing the part of Rosalind has reverted for a time to his proper sex. The pronunciation and expression of the princesses are exceedingly different from the speech of Adam and Touchstone, and are an evident imitation of the style of the court. To us the language appears affected in a high degree, but we notice that a number of the fashionable spectators carry modishness much further, so far as to make themselves quite ridiculous by their tricks of speech. Monsieur Le Beau, who comes on in a few minutes, unintentionally parodies the words of these latter in a very amusing manner, and is in his turn imitated by Celia and Rosalind, many hits being made which are hugely enjoyed by those of the audience who are not implicated.

A flourish of trumpets and a stately advance guard of attendants mark with importance the appearance of Duke Frederick, whose dress is splendidly adorned, as are those of his lords. As characters, however, they are not notable, and there is little to remark concerning their style of action and manner of elocution. They form the quieter setting or back-

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ground for the emphasized individualities and peculiarities of the principal persons of the drama.

At the end of this scene the title-board is changed to "A Room in the Palace," and the stage is left empty for a moment, but the curtains dividing the back and front stages are not drawn aside again. Rosalind is dismissed from the court, and Celia arranges to go with her in disguise. Thus we are skilfully placed in possession of the threads of the plot, and are lifted into a pleasing state of expectation or anticipation of what is to come, without knowing definitely the future course of the action, or the conditions in which the adventurers will find themselves.

Act II. transports us in imagination from the palace to the Forest of Arden, and all through the rest of the play the scene alternates between these two, so that the contrast between the pastoral life of Duke Senior and his train is continually being brought before us and enforced. The lords are dressed in green as foresters. For this scene and the others which are laid in the forest the curtains are drawn aside, exposing the inner stage, which is now lavishly decorated with trees, mossy banks and artificial rocks. The further wall of the back stage and the side walls are hung with tapestries representing sylvan scenery, but there is no solid movable scenery such as would be used in a modern play, the hangings and the properties being all that the producers depend upon for their scenic effects. Thus a great deal more is left to the imagination than would be left in a modern theatre of the ordinary type. We are conscious that the omission and the use of the properties as symbols rather than realistic representations have advantages which we had not at first expected.

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In Scene v. of Act II., which presents the forest, Amiens sings the first of the songs that occur in the piece, in a simple manner, to the accompaniment of stringed instruments which are played by musicians who come on the stage. Jaques, who appears for the first time in this scene, although he has been mentioned before, is a striking figure. He is tall and serious, so whimsical in manner as to be ridiculous at times, and cynical in the opinions he expresses. He presents an excellent foil to Touchstone, and some of the most interesting scenes occur when they are on the stage together, Jaques giving the more elevated and serious tone, and Touchstone the comic and farcical. Touchstone indulges in a certain amount of by-play, and while he is speaking the action is suspended more or less. But he keeps closely to the words that have been set for him, which is more than some of the jesters in other plays did. Shakespeare held strong opinions on the point, which in *Hamlet* he has expressed at length: "... and let those that play your clowns," he says, "speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that practises it." However, there is nothing to complain of in the demeanour of Touchstone, except in the eyes of the rougher part of the audience, who much prefer the buffoonery of Pistol, Nym and Bardolph in *Henry V.*, and do not at first seem quite satisfied with the entertainment they are receiving. At any suspicion of a coarse jest or the beginning of comic business they laugh and shout approval: if they were displeased they would probably begin to throw things

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at the actors, or to shout for the presentation of another piece, as they are known to have done on some previous occasions.

For the next scene but one a table is set out, with viands upon it for Duke Senior and his lords. They sit down and eat and drink, conversing jovially till the entrance of Jaques, who, by his long speeches, his curious behaviour and his moralisings, which culminate in the famous passage beginning "All the world's a stage," begins to attract more notice than he had done before. In this scene, too, Orlando comes in contact with the outlaws, entering with his sword drawn, and Amiens sings another song, so that the whole audience now begin to show, by the closeness of the attention they are paying, their pleasure at the variety of the entertainment that is provided for them. Jaques describes himself excellently in that speech of his where he says: "I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

Touchstone commences also to show his true parts, posing as a man of importance and bullying Corin by aping the manners of the court. This vein he continues with great success when he has his wordy duel with the honest stupid countryman William, in Act V. Sc. i., the ground of the quarrel being the hand of Audrey, the country lass, who contrasts with Celia and Rosalind as Touchstone himself does with Jaques. The

## AS YOU LIKE IT

two court ladies develop in their turn, carrying on the dialogue with a combination of sparkling grace and sprightly vivacity that is delightful to hear, the point of every repartee being nicely made, and no whit exaggerated or over-enforced in word or in action.

In this and similar style the play unfolds, scene after scene, until we begin to approach the conclusion. The interest rises as we proceed, and much admiration is excited by the double meanings of many of Rosalind's speeches, as when she says she should by right have been a woman. This complication reaches its height in the rapid interchange of short speeches in Sc. ii. of Act V., where the threads of the story are so knotted that though the audience knows that they will be unravelled again shortly, and they know what the results must be, they are quite puzzled as to the method by which the disentanglement will be accomplished. In Sc. iv. Touchstone and Jaques cross swords for the last time in the most brilliant manner, and immediately afterwards Hymen, the god of marriage, enters, accompanied by Rosalind and Celia. In this scene, which is like a masque, we miss the richly decorative scenery with which we are familiar in the masques as they are presented at court and at the houses of the rich, but in other respects the details of the dresses and the acting correspond very well with those in vogue at these spectacles, and the masque comes very appropriately, we feel, at the end of a drama which partakes so much of the nature of a pastoral play as *As You Like It*.

After the last speech all the actors appear on the stage and the majority take part in a short dance, for which there is scarcely space enough, the older and graver of them, among whom we see Shakespeare again, remaining behind

## INTRODUCTION

in the recess of the back stage. Then the youth who has so gracefully acted Rosalind advances to the front and addresses the audience directly in the Epilogue, speaking with dainty and polished elocution. He seems by his mien to be humbly praying us not to be displeased with the spectacle. The spectators remain silent till he ceases, and when the sound of his words has died away, they again give vent to prolonged applause, clapping generously as they rise to depart. The shadows have lengthened as the afternoon wore on, so that the space enclosed by the high walls of the theatre is now filled with gloom, above which the high clear blue of the sky shines brightly. We stay till the last parties are departing, and then follow, well pleased with what we have seen, and meditating upon the genius that could beguile us so far from daily life, and conduct our minds to an imaginary world which his skill could make to seem for a time more real than that in which we move and act, adorning it with all the contrasted charms that the finest wit and highest poetry can conceive and create.

*Note on the Chart on p. 6.* In Arnold's *Chronicle*, a very popular book published in 1603, the following description appears: "The Seven Ages of man living in the world. The furst age is Infancy, and lasteth from the byrth unto seven year age. The second is Childhood, and endureth unto fifteen year age. The third age is Adolescence, and endureth unto twenty-five year age. The fourth age is Youth, and endureth unto thirty-five year age. The fifth age is Manhood, and endureth unto fifty year age. The sixth age is [                      ], and lasteth unto seventy year age. The seventh age of man is crepill, and endureth unto death."

## THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }  
JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished Duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.  
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }  
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }  
SYLVIVS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages and attendants, etc.

SCENES: Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest  
of Arden.



# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I

*Orchard of Oliver's house*

*Enter Orlando and Adam*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides

10

5. *At school.* At the university.

12. *They are taught their manage.* They are broken in and trained.

15. *Bound.* Indebted.

this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 20

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 30

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well; here in your orchard. 40

17. *Countenance.* Attitude, or behaviour, to me.

19-20. *As much as . . . education.* Does his best to destroy my character and manners by preventing me from being properly educated.

34-35. *Be naught awhile.* Don't be a nuisance.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

50

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord. 60

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery

69. *Allottery*, i.e., the thousand crowns left to Orlando in his father's will, see line 2.

my father left me by testament; with that I will go 70  
buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?  
Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with  
you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray  
you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for  
my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have  
lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old 80  
master! he would not have spoken such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will  
physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand  
crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak  
with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door and importunes  
access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; 90  
and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the  
new court?

82. *Begin you to grow upon me?* Are you becoming too much  
for me to control?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them leave to wander. 100

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 110

*Cli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either 120

you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 130 140

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship! 150

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I

137. *I had as lief. I would as soon.*

147. *Should I anatomize him to thee.* If I were to describe all his characteristics to you.

stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but 160 it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [Exit,

## SCENE II

*Lawn before the Duke's palace*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love 10 to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

160. *Misprised.* Under-valued and despised.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 20

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 30

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman dost most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. 40

*Enter Touchstone*

*Cel.* No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature



hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? 50

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 60

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art. 70

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for

he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away  
before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him: enough!  
speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation  
one of these days. 80

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely  
what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little  
wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that  
wise men have makes a great show. Here comes  
Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable. 90

*Enter Le Beau*

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport! of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the destinies decrees.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you 100  
of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

79. *For taxation.* For speaking maliciously.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth 110  
and presence.

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, “Be it known unto all men by these presents.”

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke’s wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 120

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music

110. *Proper.* Handsome.

112. *With bills on their necks.* With placards hung round their  
necks.

in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib- 130  
breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place  
appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to  
perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and  
see it.

*Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando,  
Charles, and Attendants*

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated,  
his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

140

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept  
hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you,  
there is such odds in the man. In pity of the chal-  
lenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will  
not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can  
move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

150

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for  
you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the  
wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I

come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your 160 years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard 170 thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were 180 with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

175. *Gracious.* Considered worthy of respect.

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

190

*Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *[They wrestle.]*

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. *[Shout. Charles is thrown.]*

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. 210

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*[Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.]*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son; and would not change that calling, 220  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind;  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:  
If you do keep your promises in love 230  
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
[Giving him a chain from her neck.]  
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means,  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;  
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir? 240  
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

238. *Quintain.* A wooden figure used in tilting.

*Ros.* Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference,

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter Le Beau*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved

High commendation, true applause, and love, 250

Yet such is now the Duke's condition,

That he misconstrues all that you have done,

The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,

That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke, 260

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this Duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

253. *Humorous. Capricious.*



Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well: 270

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:

But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III

*A room in the palace*

*Enter Celia and Rosalind*

*Cel.* Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy!  
not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away  
upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame  
me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one  
should be lamed with reasons and the other mad  
without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

10

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full  
of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in  
holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths,  
our petticoats will catch them.

7. *There were.* There would be.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem and have him,

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 20

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, 30 for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke,

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste  
And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found 40  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your Grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—  
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your Highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors:  
If their purgation did consist in words, 50  
They are as innocent as grace itself:  
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;  
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:  
Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor: 60  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:  
I was too young that time to value her;  
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I; we still have slept together, 70

50. *Purgation.* Test of innocence.

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, ate together,  
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
 Her very silence and her patience  
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
 Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
 When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:  
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom 80  
 Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:  
 I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:  
 If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

*[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.]*

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?  
 Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
 I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* 90  
 Thou hast not, cousin;  
 Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke  
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:  
 Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
 No: let my father seek another heir.  
 Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

84. *Provide yourself.* Make the necessary preparations.

Whither to go and what to bear with us;  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; 100  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;  
The like do you: so shall we pass along 110  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 120

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

114. *Curtle-axe.* Sword.

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,

130

And get our jewels and our wealth together;

Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go we in content

To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]



QUINTAIN.

A post with a turning and loaded top or crosspiece at which those learning to joust were required to tilt (I. ii. 238)

# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT SECOND

### SCENE I

#### *The Forest of Arden*

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like Foresters*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The season's difference; as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am."  
Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
And this our life exempt from public haunt

10

5-6. *The penalty of Adam, the season's difference.* This is an allusion to the belief that eternal spring reigned in the Garden of Eden, from which Adam was expelled for his sin.

13-14. *The toad . . . precious jewel.* This was either a superstition of the time, or a current expression based on an old belief. In Lyly's *Euphues* occurs the sentence: "The foule toade hath a faire stone in his head," and there are many other similar passages in Elizabethan literature.

15. *Exempt.* Far-removed.

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

I would not change it.

*Ami.*

Happy is your Grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

20

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.

*First Lord.*

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him as he lay along

30

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,

40

Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,

Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.*

But what said Jaques?



Did he not moralise this spectacle?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream;

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which had too much": then, being there alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; 50

"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part

The flux of company": anon a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him

And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look

Upon the poor and broken bankrupt there?"

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we 60

Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,

To fright the animals and to kill them up

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*Sec. Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place!

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*A room in the palace**Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

*Sec. Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft  
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,  
And let not search and inquisition quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways.

10

20

[*Exeunt.*]

8. *Roynish.* Stupid, uncultivated.

## SCENE III

*Before Oliver's house**Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting**Orl.* Who's there?*Adam.* What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

10

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?*Adam.* O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—

Yet not the son, I will not call him son,

20

Of him I was about to call his father,—

Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie

And you within it: if he fail of that,

8. *Priser. Prize-fighter.*

He will have other means to cut you off.

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, who well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60  
And having that do choke your service up  
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt,

## SCENE IV

*The Forest of Arden*

*Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

58. *Meed.* Pay.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse. 10

*Ros.* Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone,

*Enter Corin and Silvius*

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still. 20

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—  
As sure I think did never man love so,—  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

11. *Cross.* Touchstone is here punning upon the double sense of "cross," which means a coin, the old penny being stamped with a cross, and a sorrowful burden.

29. *Fantasy.* Foolish fancy.

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

30

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved.

40

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I

broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that

for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the

kissing of her batlet and the cow that her pretty

chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing

of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two

cods and, giving her them again, said with weep-

ing tears "Wear these for my sake." We that

are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all

is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal

in folly.

50

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I

break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

47. *Ballet.* Bat used for beating linen in washing.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me. 60

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man

If he for gold will give us any food:

I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed: 70  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:

My master is of churlish disposition

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed 80

Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

80. *Cote.* Cottage.



*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us. 90

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:  
Go with me: if you like upon report  
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V

*The Forest*

*Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others*

## SONG

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 10

88. *If it stand with honesty.* If there is nothing dishonourable  
in doing so.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.  
More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for your names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing? 20

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is 30  
too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come,

### SONG

Who doth ambition shun,    [*All together here.*  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,

27. *Cover the while. Lay the table now.*

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

50

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

And if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that " ducdame "?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.

I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

55. *To call fools into a circle, i.e., nonsense which they will be so foolish as to try to explain.*

## SCENE VI

*The Forest**Enter Orlando and Adam*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit in nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the black air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! 10

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII

*The Forest*

*A table set out. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and Lord like outlaws*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

7-8. *Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers.* You believe yourself to be near death, but you have still some strength left.

9. *Be comfortable. Do not despair.*

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter Jaques*

*First Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10

What, you look merrily!

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:"

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

5. *Compact of jars.* Being out of tune with life.

6. *Discord in the spheres.* A reference to the old belief that there were spheres surrounding the earth, each of which in its motion carried with it a planet, and emitted a musical note, the various notes blending to form a harmony.

20. *A dial from his poke.* A small sundial or watch from his pocket.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;  
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative;  
 And I did laugh sans intermission  
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!  
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

30

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,  
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,  
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

40

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;  
 Provided that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;  
 And they that are most galled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
 The "why" is plain as way to parish church:

50

32. *Sans.* Without.

38-39. *His brain . . . dry.* A dry brain was supposed to be  
 a cause of weakness of mind.

He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
 The wise man's folly is anatomized  
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool,  
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
 60  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do,

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
 That thou with license of free foot has caught,  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world,

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride, 70

That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
 What woman in the city do I name,  
 When that I say the city-woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she such is her neighbour?  
 Or what is he of basest function,

56. *Anatomized.* Dissected and exposed.

57. *Squandering.* Wandering.

63. *Counter.* Coin of no value.

71. *Tax.* Accuse.

That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet,

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered. 99

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;

80. *That says . . . cost.* That says that *I* have not to pay  
for his fine clothes.



110

120

130

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*]

69

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances; 140  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, 150  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, 160  
Turning again toward childish treble pipes,  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,

*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you

170

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: 180  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not,  
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

187. *Warp. Ruffle.*

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were, 190  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke  
 That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

191. *Effigies.* Likeness.192. *Limn'd.* Depicted.

DIAL

A portable instrument for measuring time  
 by the shadow of the sun (II. vii. 20)

# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT THIRD

### SCENE I

#### *A room in the palace*

*Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver*

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.

10

*Oli.* O that your Highness knew my heart in this!  
I never loved my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands:  
Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt*

7. *Turn.* Return.

17. *Make an extent upon his house and lands.* Issue a writ  
for the seizure of his house and lands.

18. *Expediently.* With speed.

## SCENE II

*The Forest**Enter Orlando, with a paper*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night survey,  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway,  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit. 10

*Enter Corin and Touchstone*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes 20  
much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

6. *Character.* Write.

10. *Unexpressive.* Inexpressible.

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

30

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cer.* Nay, I hope.

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

40

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

50

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes and their fells, you know, are greasy.

43. *Parlous.* Perilous.51. *Fells.* Fleeces.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery 60  
of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw. 70

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you, to offer to get your living by the breeding of cattle. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 80

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.



*Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind  
Through all the world bears Rosalind,  
All the pictures fairest lined  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind.

90

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners  
and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the  
right butter-women's rank to market,

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind,  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

100

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you  
infect yourself with them?

87. *Lined.* Drawn.

93. *Rank.* March.

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree. 110

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with  
a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the  
country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and  
that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let  
the forest judge.

*Enter Celia, with a writing*

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Cel.* [*reads*] Why should this a desert be? 120

For it is unpeopled? No;  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show:  
Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age;  
Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs, 130

Or at every sentence end,  
Will I Rosalinda write,  
Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.  
Therefore Heaven Nature charged  
That one body should be fill'd

134. *Quintessence.* Essential part.

With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart, 140

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised;

Of many faces, eyes and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homily of 150  
love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and  
never cried "Have patience, good people"!

*Cel.* How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little.  
Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable  
retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with  
scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some  
of them had in them more feet than the verses would 160  
bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear  
themselves without the verse and therefore stood  
lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy

142. *Atalanta's better part.* Her graceful swiftness.

name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm 170 tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember,

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck, Change your colour?

*Ros.* I prithee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter. 180

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a 190 South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man

171. *Pythagoras' time.* Pythagoras was a Greek philosopher to whom was ascribed the doctrine that the soul passed through a series of lives in the bodies of men and animals.

188. *Good my complexion.* "Complexion" here means temper or disposition: the nearest modern expression is "My goodness!"

out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard. 200

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando. 210

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 220

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in

206. *Sad brow.* Seriously.

213 14. *What makes he here?* What is he doing here?

217. *Gargantua.* A giant in Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel*.

man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may be well called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

230

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be a pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

240

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

*Enter Orlando and Jaques*

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

224-25. *It is as easy . . . a lover.* It is as easy to count the notes in a ray of sunshine as to answer the questions of a lover.

239. *Burden.* Chorus or refrain.

*Jaq.* God buy you: let's meet as little as we can,

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers. 250

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing  
love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading  
them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she  
was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of? 260

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not  
been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned  
them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,  
from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of  
Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and  
we two will rail against our mistress the world, and  
all our misery. 270

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself,  
against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue,  
I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I  
found you.

249. *God buy you.* God be with you.

265. *Painted cloth.* Canvas painted with figures, mottoes and  
moral sentences, used for hangings for rooms.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure. 280

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. *[Exit Jaques.]*

*Ros.* *[aside to Celia]* I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is 't o'clock? 290

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops 300 withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

303. *Trots hard.* Trots slowly and almost stops.



*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily 310 because he feel no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and they perceive not how Time 320 moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was 330 in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not

326. *As the cony, etc.* As the rabbit that you see to dwell where she was brought forth.

328. *Purchase.* Acquire.

330. *Religious.* In holy orders.

331. *Inland,* and therefore cultured. See Act II. Scene vii. line 96.

a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences  
as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that  
he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one  
another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming  
monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

340

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those  
that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that  
abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on  
their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies  
on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of  
Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would  
give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the  
quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell 350  
me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he  
taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage  
of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and  
sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable  
spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which  
you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply  
your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: 360

335. *As he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.* As he  
has generally imputed to women.

349. *Quotidian.* Fever.

360. *Your having in beard, etc.* Your supply of beard is very  
small.

then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do 370  
than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear on thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and 380  
the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being a moonish

365. *Point-device in your accoutrements.* Faultless in your attire.

372. *Give the lie to their consciences.* Deny, or refuse to acknowledge, their real opinions.

youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't. 390 400

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth. 410

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

392. *Cattle of this colour.* Creatures of this kind.

## SCENE III

*The Forest*

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* [*aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. 10

*Aud.* I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical? 20

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for

honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq. [aside]* A material fool!

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods 30  
make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us. 40

*Jaq. [aside]* I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "many a man knows no end of his goods": right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?— 50  
even so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by

so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter Sir Oliver Martext*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel? 60

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on the gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered. 70

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp. 80

*Touch.* [*aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

68. *God 'ild you.* God reward you.

70. *Be covered.* Put your hat on.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live without it.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

90

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*]

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of  
them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV

#### *The Forest*

#### *Enter Rosalind and Celia*

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider  
that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses  
are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.



*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the 10  
only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch  
of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun  
of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the  
very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning,  
and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

20

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-  
stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as  
concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is  
no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both  
the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in  
the forest on the Duke your father.

30

*Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday and had much question  
with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I  
told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me  
go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a  
man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses,  
speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks  
them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his  
lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on

39. *Puisny.* Unskilful.

one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but 40  
all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.  
Who comes here?

*Enter Corin*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, 50  
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove:  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.  
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V

*Another part of the forest*

*Enter Silvius and Phebe*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,

Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops.

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: 20  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moments keeps; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor am I sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
21–22. *Scratch thee, etc.* If you scratch yourself with a mere  
pin, some scar will remain.

Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time  
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? 50

You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

47. *Bugle.* Black.

51. *Properer.* Handsomer.

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets, 60  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll  
fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she  
answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with  
bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you. 70

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.  
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.  
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, 80  
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius,

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermined,

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why that were covetousness, 90

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd,

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop 100  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well 110  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear,  
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
But sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:

94. *Erst.* Formerly.

107. *Carlot.* Countryman.

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red 120  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;  
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me: 130  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance,  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it. wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;

The matter 's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

124. *In parcels.* In detail.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

*The Forest*

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques*

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 10

14. *Nice.* fastidious.

16. *Simples.* Ingredients.

19. *Humorous.* Whimsical.



*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason 20  
to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see  
other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have  
nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather  
have a fool to make me merry than experience to make  
me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter Orlando*

*Orl.* Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank  
verse. [Exit. 31

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and 31  
wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your  
own country; be out of love with your nativity and  
almost chide God for making you that countenance  
you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a  
gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you  
been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me  
such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my  
promise. 40

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will  
divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but  
a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs  
of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped  
him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him. 50

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind. 60

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss. 70

*Orl.* How if the kiss is denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

56. *Beholding.* Indebted.

62. *Leer.* Face, look.

68. *Gravelled.* Stranded, like a boat on a bank of gravel.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or  
I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.

Am I not your Rosalind?

80

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would  
be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is  
almost six thousand years old, and in all this time  
there was not any man died in his own person, vide-  
licet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed  
out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to  
die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. 90  
Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though  
Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot  
midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth  
to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with  
the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers  
of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these  
are all lies: men have died from time to time and  
worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind;  
for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 100

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now  
I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition,  
and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all,

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

110

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—"

*Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

120

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest: and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her after 130  
you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be

more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like 140 Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep,

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she would not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill 150 fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say " Wit, whither wilt? "

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that.

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never 160 nurse child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

*Orl.* I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and

I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours  
won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death!  
Two o'clock is your hour?

170

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend  
me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if  
you break one jot of your promise or come one minute  
behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical  
break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the  
most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be  
chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: there-  
fore beware my censure and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my 180  
Rosalind: so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such  
offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate:  
we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your  
head.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou  
didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But  
it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown  
bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 190

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour  
affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, the same wicked child of Venus that was begot  
of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness,  
that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes  
because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I  
am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the

184. *Misused.* Misrepresented.195. *Abuses.* Deceives.

sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

199

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*The forest**Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*A Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*For.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

## SONG

*For.*           What shall he have that kill'd the deer?           10  
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home:

*[The rest shall bear this burden.]*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

198. *Shadow. Shady place.*

## SCENE III

*The forest**Enter Rosalind and Celia*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?  
and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain,  
he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth  
to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter Silvius*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:  
I know not the contents; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

10

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter  
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:  
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od 's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

17. *Phoenix.* The fabulous sacred bird of the Egyptians. There was only one phoenix at a time, and he, at the close of his long life, built himself a nest in which he was burnt to death; but from his ashes sprang a young phoenix which flew away, to return after five hundred years and repeat the cremation ceremony.



Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

20

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents.  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:  
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:  
I say she never did invent this letter;  
This is a man's invention and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

30

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes,  
[*reads*] Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

40

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [*reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

35-36. *Blacker . . . countenance.* Blacker in their meaning  
than in their appearance.

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me,

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 50  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect!  
Whiles you chide me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee:  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take 60  
Of me and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die,

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if 70  
she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit Silvius.]

*Enter Oliver*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:  
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream  
Left on your right hand brings you to the place, 80  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,  
And browner than her brother." Are not you  
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are, 90

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it,

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest, 100  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,  
 And mark what object did present itself:  
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age  
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
 Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

110

120

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
 And he did render him the most unnatural  
 That lived amongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
 For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,  
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

122-23. *And he did . . . amongst men.* He described him  
 as the most unnatural brother alive.

Made him give battle to the lioness, 130  
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was 't you he rescued?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?

*Oli.* By and by,

When from the first to last betwixt us two  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed, 140  
As how I came into that desert place;  
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound; 150  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

131. *Hurling.* Uproar.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood,

*Cel.* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

160

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither,

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

170

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well, then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

180

169-70. *Passion of earnest.* Genuine feeling.

# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT FIFTH

### SCENE I

#### *The Forest*

#### *Enter Touchstone and Audrey*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold. 10

#### *Enter William*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

12. *We cannot hold.* We cannot restrain ourselves.

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

20

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

30

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

40

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of

47. *Vulgar.* The vulgar tongue, the vernacular.



this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, 50  
clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Corin*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, 60  
away!

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

### *The Forest*

*Enter Orlando and Oliver*

*Orl.* Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with

me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 10

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind,

*Enter Rosalind*

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! 20

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame": for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the 30

30. *Thrasonical.* Boastful.

remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid 40  
the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. 50  
Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit; I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If 60  
you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your

37. *Incontinent.* Immediately. 52. *Conceit.* Intelligence.

eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. 70

*Enter Silvius and Phebe*

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have: it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are here followed by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love. 80

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so I am for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service And so I am for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman. 90

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance;

And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 100

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me altogether. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if I ever marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands, 110

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I,

*Orl.* Nor I,

119

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III

*The Forest**Enter Touchstone and Audrey*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages*

*First Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

*Sec. Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

*First Page.* Shall we clap into i' roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which 10 are the only prologues to a bad voice?

*Sec. Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

## SONG

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,

In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, etc.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very 30 untuneable.

*First Page.* You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV

##### *The Forest*

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear,

*Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her,

*Ros.* And you say you will have her, when I bring her,

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after,

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing,

*Ros.* I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 20

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

*[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour,

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,



Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome; this is the 40  
motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon 50  
the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich

44. *Purgation.* Test.

46. *Undone.* Ruined, by not paying their bills.

honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as  
your pearl in your foul oyster. 60

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet  
diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the  
quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your  
body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did  
dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent  
me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was 70  
in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous.  
If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he  
would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this  
is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well  
cut," he disabled my judgment: this is called the  
Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he  
would answer, I spake not true: this is called the  
Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he  
would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck  
Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and 80  
the Lie Direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circum-  
stantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and  
so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the  
lie?

62. *Sententious.* Shrewd.

63. *According to the fool's bolt.* A reference to the proverb  
"a fool's bolt (*i.e.*, arrow) is soon shot."

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Counter-check Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If. 90 100

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia*

*Still Music*

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou might'st join her hand with his

Whose heart within his bosom is.

*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours.  
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

110

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:

120

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

130

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

### SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

140

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now that art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter Jaques de Boys*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, 150

That brings these tidings to this fair assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world; 160

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restored to them again

That were with him exiled. This to be true,

I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:

To one his lands withheld; and to the other

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest let us do these ends

That here were well begun and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number, 170

That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,

154. *Power.* Army. 159. *Question.* Conversation.

171. *Shrewd.* Hard and evil.

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,  
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all  
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,  
The Duke hath put on a religious life  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court? 180

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;  
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage  
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures. 191

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I: what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, than am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you! 10 and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet 20 breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.]

2. *Unhandsome.* Inappropriate.

3. *Good wine needs no bush.* Good wine needs no advertisement. A bunch of ivy-sprays was at one time the common sign of a wine-seller.

9. *Furnished.* Attired.

10. *Conjure you.* Persuade you.

19. *Defied.* Disliked.



### BUSH

From an illuminated MS. (XIV. Century) in the  
Hunterian Museum at Glasgow (Epilogue, I. 3)



# COMMENTARY

## I. SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORK

ABOUT the author of *As You Like It* we possess scarcely any information that is absolutely certain fact. To anything stated here, therefore, it must be understood that there stand prefixed the words: "It appears likely," if it is a statement about his external circumstances and life. In contrast with this poverty of knowledge, readers may be said to know more about Shakespeare than about other authors, because his writings are more widely and carefully studied than any others, and because he, just as much as other men, revealed himself in every line he wrote.

His earliest plays show that he had made a careful examination of preceding dramas, for they are closely modelled upon them, copying them in style and in characterisation. *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors* are full experiments with language, and are highly poetical. Otherwise they are not strikingly different from other plays that belong to the years when they are believed to have been written, and they are not conspicuously original. With *Venus and Adonis* and his *Sonnets*, which belong to the same period, and which are two non-dramatic works, their existence and form indicate that Shakespeare was by nature a poet, who had taken to the theatre as a means of livelihood. They indicate also that he was a man of good education and of considerable literary knowledge. His works, as a whole, have

preserved for us, and carried to its furthest pitch, the English language when it was a tongue of the greatest richness and most lively colour.

Shakespeare is recognised to-day as great in his noble attitude to life, great in his high idea of humanity, in his universal sympathy, in the grandeur, beauty and variety of his poetry, and in the catholicity with which he represented kings and peasants, happiness and grief. He was master of the keys of comedy and tragedy, with an infinite fund of humour, and yet able to scale the sublimest heights of passion. All the secrets of the heart seem to have been open to him, for he could touch and expose every motive and every feeling with unerring skill. His power to depict human character was equal to his knowledge of it. By his characterisations he transmitted the greatness of his own soul to men of ordinary intellectual stature, so that he has moulded the lives of multitudes. So wonderfully complex and subtle, and so wonderfully vivid are these impersonations that they vie in the effect with nature herself. What Dane of real life has or ever had the reputation of Hamlet, fictitious Prince of Denmark?

His estimate of the worth of the individual human being is as high as his characters are life-like. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!" He placed humanity at the top of all created things, and he made each man the master of his own fate. The modern knowledge that the universe is a place of inexorable justice, where every good done, however small, brings its ultimate and proportionate gain to men and to nations, while every evil is

## SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORK

similarly the cause of exactly-adjusted deterioration or pain, is implied in such lines as his couplet:

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
They make the whips to scourge us with.

In his plays character is destiny: there is no Nemesis, no towering external necessity to overcrow and belittle us; every man is the architect of his own fortune; we are lords of the world, and, if we fall, we are our own conquerors. Therefore we are also the framers of our own happiness, or of our own misery: for, he said,

There's nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.

Shakespeare was ardently patriotic: for the soil of Britain he had an unbounded love, and in its people he felt a blameless pride. Though the form of his patriotism was conditioned by the ideas of his time, he was confident of the safety and glory of his country's future.

As testimony avers, he modestly did the work to his hand; knowing himself, but without ostentation. Nevertheless, it was his splendid fortune to find contemporaries who understood him. Ben Jonson expressed in 1623 Britain's thought to-day, when he wrote:

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show  
To whom all scenes of Europe owe;  
He was not of an age, but for all time!

When arranged in order of composition (a task within the power of critics, and one that has been thoroughly executed), the thirty-seven plays which are generally agreed to have come from his pen tell how he developed in dramatic art, and gave us full insight into his mind. The earliest plays and poems, besides exhibiting the qualities already mentioned,

contain a great deal of nature poetry. The descriptions of national scenery, and allusions to it, are best seen, perhaps, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but they are scattered throughout all his plays. In *As You Like It*, which belongs to what may be called his second period, and was written about ten years later than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, they are represented by the songs and by slight touches and sketches, such as that of

An oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

The other plays of this period are mostly romantic comedies such as *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Twelfth Night*, combining poetry with humour, and showing much knowledge of the life of his time, and much enjoyment of it. This is, in fact, the time of the culmination of his comedy. But he wrote several patriotic, or historical plays, notably *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, at the same epoch, and began to turn his hand to tragedy. As we might expect, his first great tragedy is one of romantic love, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the second, *Julius Cæsar*, continues the historical interest of the patriotic plays.

For some reason, which can only be guessed at, either the natural development of his genius and art, or the business worries in which he must have become involved, or a cause of sorrow and gloom in his own life, he now passed into a great tragic period. *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello* and *Macbeth* resemble the plays of the preceding group in skill of construction, in maturity of reflection, and in subtle exposition of character, but they deal with the darker side of life. They bring human beings up against stern unyielding realities,

## SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORK

and show them broken by these realities. Even in the comedies that he wrote during this time something of the same atmosphere prevails. Their endings are fortunate, but the sunshine is less bright.

With the exception of *The Tempest*, his remaining plays, which may have been written after his retirement to Stratford-on-Avon, are less notable. All of them, *The Tempest* included, show the influence of a change which was creeping over the drama. A new type of play, the tragi-comedy, which told a story that tends doubtfully to a tragic ending which is finally cut off in favour of a happy conclusion, was beginning to prevail. Possibly, too, his powers of invention were beginning to wane. Yet the falling away is so slight that it can only be described as the natural rounding of a body of work which is generally acknowledged to be one of the most wonderful monuments of human genius.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon on 3rd May (in old reckoning 23rd April), 1564. John Shakespeare, his father, was a citizen of the town who had married Mary Arden, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. In 1564 John Shakespeare was a prosperous man, doing well in trade, and respected by his fellow-townsmen. He sent his son to the Grammar School, where he would, we may be certain, receive a good literary education. But when William was about twelve or thirteen years of age, owing to causes which are not known, his father seems to have fallen into difficulties from which he never recovered. Tradition says that in consequence of this he had to take his son away from school before his schooling was completed, and to put him to business. We can imagine that at this period Shakespeare spent a good deal of his spare time in the country

lanes and the woods, and that he lost no opportunities of witnessing the performances of the strolling players who visited Stratford from time to time. In 1582, before he was nineteen years old, he is believed to have married Anne, the daughter of a farm worker, whose name was Hathaway. About four years later he went to London, possibly joining one of the companies of actors at Stratford and going with them to the metropolis. Nothing is known about these later years of his youth at his native town, nor of the early time of his life in London, except that he had three children, two daughters and a son, the last of whom died when still a boy. But from a reference made to him in 1592 by Robert Greene it is clear that he had soon become prosperous. Almost certainly he was engaged in acting, and in re-furbishing old plays for the successive companies to which he belonged. In 1593 he published the poem called *Venus and Adonis*, another—*Lucrece*—in 1594, and a collection of sonnets in 1598. His plays began to appear singly about this time, though whether they were printed surreptitiously, and without his sharing in the profits, is not clear. At any rate, from some cause, probably his labours as actor and manager, he was able in 1597 to purchase a large house in Stratford called New Place, and to set about re-establishing the fortunes of his family. No doubt he paid periodical visits to his country home throughout the time of his residence in London, especially during the latter part of it. After 1600 evidence of his business activity becomes increasingly abundant, and shows that he was rapidly becoming a rich man. In 1610 he returned to Stratford, and lived at New Place until his death, which took place in 1616, probably from typhoid fever.

## SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORK

Besides the thirty-seven plays now considered to be wholly or mainly from his pen, a large number of others have in the past been falsely ascribed to him. Many of these thirty-seven were printed separately, during his life-time, in quarto form, and in 1623 a collected edition of his works was prepared and published. From about the time of his death until the theatres were closed during the Civil War and the Commonwealth his dramas were not performed so frequently as those of some of the dramatists then living, and at the Restoration the taste of the public did not at first favour Elizabethan plays. But from the commencement of the eighteenth century his fame began to grow again, and has suffered no eclipse. French and German translations were made very early in this century, and numerous critical editions were issued in England. In the theatres, too, Shakespearean revivals became increasingly common. All the most famous English actors and actresses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have identified themselves with one or more of his greatest dramatic characters.

As the long period of time which has rolled by since Shakespeare wrote has made the words of his plays difficult to understand, the notion easily arises that the most important duty in reading one of them is to study its language, and as he is the most widely studied of all dramatists, the same idea of the proper method of study is extended to all plays, whenever and by whomsoever composed. This opinion is false, and, if persisted in, leads to disastrous consequences. It is essential that the reader should have, above all else, a vivid apprehension of the story of the play, and of the personality and appearance of each of its characters. He should know what the people on the stage are doing and

thinking at any moment of the action. Till he has mastered these indispensable facts, all other knowledge is a hindrance to him, not an aid. But once he has grasped them, his conception may be greatly enriched and enlightened by other information of many kinds concerning the drama, its author and the age in which he flourished. A good method of beginning is to see a stage-performance of the play: but that has its defects as well as its advantages, and besides, it is not always possible. During the reading, therefore, the student should practise himself in realising as clearly as he can, scene by scene, what an actual performance would be like.

## II. THE STORY OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

A play is a piece of literature which narrates a story, and which, in so doing, inevitably displays the characters of the persons about whom the story is told. It differs from an ordinary story, such as is found in a novel or a narrative poem, in that the author is debarred from addressing the reader or audience directly. He can only do so indirectly, through the mouths of the characters, in their dialogue with one another. Its essence, as the name *drama* indicates, is action; in a play something is *done*. It is through what is done that the characters are displayed, because what is done, and therefore the course of events, depends upon the characters exhibited in the play. It is by their deeds, as much as by their words, that we know them. This is equally true of real life, and therefore plays are pre-eminently representations or copies of a piece of real life. But a play is more con-



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centrated than ordinary life; and, because it is written to please us, it contains an action which rises to a climax of interest. To secure a due degree of pleasurable interest the author manipulates his story so that it may be compared to a number of threads which he gradually knots together until they appear inextricable. The climax is the point at which the strands are fully knotted. We are aware that they will be unravelled satisfactorily, but we do not know how their disentanglement will be accomplished. When they are utterly unravelled again the play is ended and our interest ceases. The manner in which the threads are combined and then disengaged is called the plot. The several threads may be all united in a single knot, in which case the plot is a simple plot: or alternatively, two or three groups of minor threads can be combined, and the resulting cords themselves woven together in one, a complex plot resulting. In the latter species of plot one of these cords will generally be of major importance, so that there will be a main plot and one or more underplots. This second method confers variety and adds interest, but the first is more direct and comprehensible.

Just as life, in its episodes and incidents, is grave and gay, laughable or sad, so a drama, which is a copy of life, will be predominantly solemn or predominantly mirthful, with corresponding characters. A play with a serious trend, in which the story is worked out relentlessly to its conclusion, however little that may be, and in which the characters receive the unhappy consequences of their misdoing or fall into misfortune, is called a tragedy; while one which has a joyous atmosphere, and ends happily, is called a comedy. It is possible, where a main and an underplot are joined, for a tragic plot to be combined with a comic; and such a

pair may throw one another into relief, and the alternation of their scenes may relieve the tension that might be created by a tragic plot of strong and absorbing interest. Or again, a happy plot may be united with an underplot that is quite farcical in tone.

We may imagine, not without good ground, that ideas such as these were in the mind of Shakespeare, and that he applied them to the construction and writing of his plays. It was commonly his custom to borrow his story from some other book, to which rule *As You Like It* is no exception. The source of it he found in a book called *Rosalynde, Euphues's Golden Legacie*, found after his death in his cell at Silixedra, published by Thomas Lodge in 1590. This is what we should call a novel, and the scene of it being laid mainly in the country, and as the narrative involves incidents in which shepherds and shepherdesses take part, it is known as a pastoral.

The story tells that an old knight of Bordeaux had three sons, among whom at his death he divided his patrimony, leaving the two younger, Fernandyne and Rosader, to the care of the eldest, whose name was Saladyne. Fernandyne was a scholar, and out of the way, so that Saladyne formed the design of depriving Rosader of his rights. The youngest naturally resented this treatment; whereat Saladyne began to cast about for a means of getting rid of him.

It chanced that the king of France at that date, by name Torismond, was a usurper, who had driven the rightful monarch Gerismond into exile in the Forest of Arden. To occupy the minds of his people he was wont to hold tournaments and other festivals, and at the time had arranged a day for wrestling, upon which a Norman wrestler was to

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accept the challenge of all comers. This champion was as cruel as he was strong, not only overthrowing all whom he encountered, but oftentimes killing them. Saladyne, hearing of this, made a secret compact with the Norman that, if Rosador offered to wrestle, he should meet his death as others had done. Then the wicked brother went to Rosader and egged him on to win fame by competing in wrestling.

The king attended the tournament, accompanied by his daughter Alinda, Rosalynd, daughter of Gerismond, and all the most beautiful damsels in France. After the knights had finished their tournament the Norman wrestler stood forth, looking like Hercules. For a time his appearance daunted everybody, but at last the two sons of a yeoman presented themselves, one after the other. Both these he defeated and killed. Then Rosader, who had previously fought among the knights, alighting from his horse, stripped himself for the contest, notwithstanding the protests of all those that stood by. In this he was encouraged by the evident favour with which Rosalynd regarded him. After a long and severe struggle he vanquished his antagonist, and served him as he had served so many others. Rosalynd sent him a jewel, and he repaid this mark of interest by writing a love-sonnet to her beauty. Then, accompanied by a number of his friends, he returned home to Saladyne, who was deeply chagrined at the failure of his plot.

The same day Torismond, perceiving the grace which Rosalynd was gaining in the eyes of his courtiers, determined to banish her. This resolution he adhered to, in spite of the entreaties of his daughter, who, finding that no argument would move him, announced her intention of following her friend into exile. When Torismond found his daughter

so resolute, rather than rescind his decree he issued a peremptory sentence of banishment against her also. Rosalynd sat down and wept, but Alinda smiled, and began to comfort her. She soon dried her eyes, and setting her wits to work, devised that they should travel in disguise, she as a page and Alinda as her mistress, under the names of Ganimede and Aliena; whereupon, without more ado, they collected their money and jewels, attired themselves suitably and started out. "They traueiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies; at last got to the forrest side, where they traueiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black ox<sup>1</sup> began to tread on their feete, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought every daunger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountaine, compast with a groaue of cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddesse had intreated nature in that place to make her an arbour. By this fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fedde as merely<sup>2</sup> as if they had been in *Paris* with all the king's delicates;<sup>3</sup> Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as meet with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting up his eye espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which as soone as he espied, he cryed out, 'be of good cheare mistris; I spie the figures of men; for here in these trees bee ingrauen certaine verses

<sup>1</sup> Fatigue and melancholy.

<sup>2</sup> Merrily.

<sup>3</sup> Luxuries.

## STORY OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

of shepherds or some other swaines that inhabite here about.' With that Aliena start up ioyfull to heare these newes; and looked, where they found carved in the barke of a pine tree this passion:

### MONTANUS' PASSION

Hadst thou been borne wher as perpetuall cold  
Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines siluer old:  
Had I complainde vnto a marble stone,  
Or to the floudes bewraide my bitter mone,  
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:  
But even the pride of Countries at thy birth,  
Whilste heavens did smile, did new aray the earth with  
flowers chiefe,  
Yet thou the flower of beautie blessed borne  
Hast pretty lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

· · · · ·  
Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrhas teares,  
Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares:  
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,  
To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,  
I then could bear the burthen of my griefe:  
But not my tears, but truth with thee prevailes.  
And seeming sowre my sorowes thee assailes: yet small  
releife,  
For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard:  
And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard."<sup>1</sup>

After reading and discussing this poem they went on till they came upon two shepherds who were playing their pipes in the shade, and overheard a musical dialogue between them. Coridon and Montanus—for such were the names of the shepherds—received them courteously, Coridon offering them shelter for the night, and undertaking to find them a cottage where they might take up their abode permanently. Meanwhile Montanus sat silent and melancholy, which

<sup>1</sup> From the edition of 1592.

Rosalynd noticed, and inquired the reason. "Oh," said Coridon, "it is because he is in love with a cruel shepherdess named Phœbe." When night drew on they went to Coridon's cottage, spent the night there, and next morning, through his help, were able to buy a farm and begin the life of a shepherd and shepherdess.

Meanwhile Saladyne had made a cruel plot against Rosader, who had escaped, and with one retainer named Adam Spencer had fled secretly to the forest. There they wandered for many days till, faint with hunger, they chanced upon the banished King Gerismond and his lords, who entertained them kindly, and took them into service. Rosader thus became one of Gerismond's foresters, and was very diligent in his master's behalf: yet his thoughts were ever filled with the memory of Rosalynd, in whose honour he would compose love poems and carve them on trees, until one day Aliena and Ganimede came upon him while he was soliloquising about Rosalynd. He described to them Rosalynd's beauty and his great love for her, which naturally increased Rosalynd's love for him; but she did not discover herself to him, and he remained ignorant that Ganimede and Rosalynd were the same person.

Some time afterwards they had sight of Phœbe and Montanus, she scorning his offers of love. Ganimede could not forbear to reprove the shepherdess for her coldness, but only succeeded in making Phœbe love herself, in her disguise as Ganimede the shepherd.

One morning Ganimede suggested to Rosader that the absent Rosalynd should be represented by himself, and the lover forthwith began to pay court as if to Rosalynd herself, as he was in truth doing, although he did not know it.

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Meantime the unjust Torismond, seeking to get possession of Saladyne's broad lands, charged him with driving away his brother Rosader, and as punishment banished him. Saladyne took the same way as the other exiles, and having reached the forest, lay down on a bank and fell asleep. As he lay thus, a hungry lion discovered him, and crouched down, ready to spring upon him and devour him when he awoke. While he slept, Rosader, who was hunting deer, passed by, and saw him and the lion. He recognised his brother in the sleeping man, but did not hesitate to attack the lion to save Saladyne's life. In the struggle Rosader was slightly injured before he succeeded in killing the lion. Saladyne was awakened by the noise, and perceiving that it was his brother who had rescued him from such a danger, he repented of his former treatment of Rosader, confessed his fault, and was reconciled. Aliena no sooner saw Saladyne than there grew up in her heart as strong a love for him as that which Rosalynd felt for Rosader. Meanwhile, Phœbe fell sick for love of Ganimede, who promised that he would wed her if ever he wedded woman, and extracted from the shepherdess a promise in return that if ever she should willingly relinquish the quest of Ganimede she would marry Montanus. After this, as Ganimede went homewards across the forest, he met with Aliena and Saladyne, who told him that they had arranged to be married on the next Sunday. Rosader, who was also presented, expressed his envy of their good fortune, and contrasted with it his own miserable state, he being in exile, and Rosalynd (as he supposed) at the court. "Be of good cheer," then said Ganimede, "I have a friend that is deeply experienced in magic, who will, at my request, bring Rosalynd here to you on Sunday, so that

you, too, can be married that day if you wish." To this proposal Rosader agreed, and he and Saladyne made the necessary preparations.

To the ceremony, when Sunday arrived, came all the outlaws and all the shepherds in the forest. Gerismond, the banished king, began to note well the features of Ganimede, which suggested to him his daughter Rosalynd; while she, on her part, knowing Gerismond to be her father, could not help feeling sad at the thought of his fallen estate. Then she went out, and changing into woman's apparel, returned and presented herself to Gerismond as in very deed his daughter. One may imagine the joy and surprise of the king at seeing Rosalynd and how amazed and happy was Rosader to find that Ganimede, whom he had long wooed as Rosalynd in pretence, was really she whom she had feigned to be; and how chagrined was Phœbe the shepherdess, who found herself unable to have Ganimede, and bound in honour to Montanus. However, she embraced her altered fortune with a good grace, and all three couples were then joined in marriage by the priest. As soon as this was finished, home they went with Aliena, where Coridon had a banquet in readiness, and sat down to dine. In the midst of their jollity, Fernandyne, brother of Saladyne and Rosader, arrived with the news that the peers of France were up in arms to recover the crown for their true king, and that Torismond was nigh at hand with an army, searching for them. Gerismond, Rosader and Saladyne armed themselves hastily and rode away to the battle, which was already joined. In the fray Torismond was slain, and his army put to flight. Then the whole company, with as little delay as possible, returned to Paris, where Gerismond assumed once more his



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rightful position, appointed Rosader, his son-in-law, heir to the throne, and returned to Saladyne all his father's lands.

This is a summary of the narrative as Shakespeare found it. We can see very well what use he made of and how he adapted it to suit his purpose. It is a charming story as told by Lodge, but affected in style, pretty, and leisurely. Shakespeare had, as every dramatist has, to select salient points and to concentrate on them, omitting what is less striking or important. Three threads can be detected in the original, the usurpation of Torismond, the love-intrigues of Celia and Rosalynd, Rosader and Saladyne, and the corresponding courtship of Phœbe by Montanus, with its pastoral tone. These are all naturally joined with one another by links which cannot be snapped. To them Shakespeare, true to the tradition of his time, added one which enabled him to bring a clown upon the stage, that of Touchstone, and connected it to the others so that the whole play, while it can be divided into parts, forms a unified whole. Moreover, he provided a farcical counterpoise to the high comedy love affair of Rosalind and Celia, and the pastoral of Phœbe and Sylvius, by creating the character of Audrey for Touchstone. These three plots are really the same story told on three different planes. There is also a parallel between the relations of Duke Frederick to his brother Duke Senior, and the unjust treatment of Orlando by Oliver. In the novel Gerismond and Torismond are not brothers. Jaques is another creation of Shakespeare's, who, it is to be observed, though he is very interesting in himself, is not necessary to the development of the plot. As Shakespeare did not wish any misfortune to mar the happy ending of his comedy, he changed the death of Gerismond in the novel into repentance

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on the part of Duke Frederick. There is no battle at the conclusion of *As You Like It* to disturb the serenity of the lovers. Of minor differences, such as changing of names, no mention need be made. By these changes he improved the plot so that it could serve as the framework of what is often regarded as the chief romantic comedy in our literature. It goes without saying that Shakespeare's language is his own: of the very few phrases in the play borrowed from his original, none is of much significance. And, finally, the subtle and clear characterisation, the poetry, the humour and the graceful wit, which, with the skilful construction of the plot, compose the chief qualities of *As You Like It*, are the unaided creations of his own mind.

In the First Act we learn that Orlando is ill-treated by his brother, who is plotting to kill him; that Duke Frederick is a usurper who has driven his brother into exile. Orlando wrestles with Charles, then seeks safety by leaving his brother's house, and falls in love with Rosalind: in this act, too, Rosalind and Celia are banished from the court, Touchstone accompanying them. By the end of the Act we are in possession of the threads of each story, and of preliminary information about each of the principal characters, with the exception of Jaques.

Act II. takes us to the forest, where we find Duke Senior and his fellow outlaws leading a happy and simple life. Rosalind and Celia appear in disguise, and obtain their cottage from Corin. Orlando and Adam also arrive, faint with hunger, and receive succour from the Duke.

The Third Act commences by showing us Orlando in love with Rosalind, and hanging sonnets to her beauty upon the trees. Rosalind and Orlando meet, she recognises her lover,

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and persuades him to regard her as his Rosalind. Audrey and Touchstone, Sylvius and Phebe are also displayed, attracted to or repulsed from one another. Thus the threads which had been displayed in the First and Second Acts are now knotted, and the interest rises. Jaques hovers round all the while, as a cynical commentator on the romantic illusions, as he regards them, of the rest. This interest is maintained through various episodes in Act IV., and rises to its climax at the beginning of Act V. There, first, Touchstone disposes of his rival, William; Oliver, who had found his way to Arden in Act IV., is shown in love with Celia; and Rosalind promises to satisfy Phebe and Orlando. In Scene iv., the last of the play, the promise is fulfilled, and the threads are all unravelled by the marriages of the lovers and the restoration of Duke Senior. With the resolution of all the issues that were joined in the first act, and the completed delineation of all the characters that were there suggested the work of the dramatist is finished, the audience know the whole story, and the play ends.

*As You Like It* is written in a mixture of prose and verse. With the exception of the songs and a few other passages the verse is blank, that is, unrhymed. Blank verse is, in fact, the normal vehicle of expression in the play, and only for special reasons is it departed from. It is romantic in tone, and by reason of being less natural than prose, it is suited to a comedy which is quite remote in its scene and action from the stern realities of every day life, Elizabethan and modern alike. The serious parts, Jaques' moralisings, and the elevated love passages, are all in verse. The prose is allotted to familiar conversations, and to the farcical parts. In fact, the subject of Touchstone and Audrey can be marked

off from that of Rosalind and Orlando by the way in which the former adhere to prose and the latter to verse: if there were not so much witty prose conversation in the high comedy style, this would be more obvious than it actually is. At one point (Act IV. Sc. i. lines 1-29) Rosalind and Jaques are engaged in ordinary talk when Orlando comes in and exclaims, with lover's fervour:

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

The disillusioned Jaques objects to the love-making, and expecting a passionate love passage, departs hastily, expressing his displeasure. But he does not say "Good-bye, as you are going to be sentimental"; his words are:

Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse.

Each medium is exceedingly appropriate to its employment, and the play gains greatly by the double form in which it is written. It would have been impossible for Shakespeare to have put into verse all the sparkling repartees of Rosalind in her conversational passages; and, on the other hand, the poetical character of the piece would have been quite lost if the whole had been cast into prose. The skilful combination of prose and verse is found in many of Shakespeare's plays, and constitutes one of their most striking characteristics. By this means he was able to differentiate his characters, and to emphasise the distinction between the various plots that he habitually combined when constructing a drama.

Equally vital to a play with its plot and story is its characterisation. In Shakespeare's dramas every character is distinctly conceived, though some are sketched and some are drawn in detail: the characterisation is at once subtle

## STORY OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

and penetrating and natural: by natural is meant that the characters are such as would lead us to expect them to act in the way in which they do act. The characters are human, too: they are not bundles of disconnected qualities, but in each case their qualities are inherent in a real moral nature. It will be the reader's task to discover the characters from the play itself. As an example of how this may be done, we will give here the complementary characters of Jaques and Touchstone, as briefly as is consistent with moderate completeness. The most salient feature of Jaques, as is often insisted in the play, is his melancholy, which meant at that time serious-mindedness or solemnity rather than sorrowfulness. The melancholy of Jaques, however, is described as "fantastic," and again, as "humorous." "Fantastic" means arising from "fantasy," or fanciful. It is more affected than natural. "Humorous" implies depending on caprice, and varying according to mood: Jaques is what we should call "uncertain": one cannot be sure how we shall find him, or what course his actions and expressions will take on any particular occasion. There is, therefore, a real and consistent Jaques concealed behind this outward and inconsistent Jaques, but we do not yet know whether Shakespeare has given us any indication beyond these superficial marks to show what this real Jaques was.

He is fond of fine and affected terms: he is a phrasemaker, and one would suppose that he liked to hear himself talk, and enjoyed adopting a pose. His attitude to human society is one of superiority and disillusionment. We cannot picture him as busy about any matter, or as throwing himself into any cause with enthusiasm. He holds himself out as abnormally sensitive and sympathetic when speaking of

the hunted deer: but is cynically indifferent to the feelings of the lovers. It is possible that his cynicism proceeds from idleness, from his not being under the necessity to work for his own living. He is restless, and constantly seeks distraction in change: in diversity he finds the antidote to his bitterness.

The manners, the external form, of Jaques are Elizabethan. No doubt there were living exemplars in London whom Shakespeare had in mind: but his character is a real one, and is as common to-day, in its changed garb, as it was in Shakespeare's own time.

The character of Touchstone is more easily understood than that of Jaques, because he lies in the direct line of development of the traditional clown of Elizabethan comedy. Both of them are founded upon real life. Jaques, as we have suggested, is a representation of a type of man found in all ages. Touchstone's original is the jester of the mediæval Tudor courts. Henry VIII.'s famous jester, Will Somers, although there is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare was thinking of him when creating Touchstone, seems to have possessed Touchstone's apparent simplicity and real shrewdness of wit.

In the earlier comedies the clown was a boisterous buffoon, given to practical jokes and crude foolery. He was a stock character who varied little: under all his jokes, numerous as they were, lay the same temperament and character. Before long he took on the part of a player with words: he became great at punning, and practised alliteration and such devices in his speech. The next stage is that from being a mere type or generalisation he acquired individuality and became a real man, so that his clever language was sub-

## HOW TO THINK ABOUT THE PLAY

limited into wit, for it arose, not from conventional practice, but from personal peculiarities and cleverness. This is the stage to which Touchstone belongs. But he wears the cloak of imbecility, and so gives added point to his sharp tongue. "He uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of it he shoots his wit." Yet he has his relapses: for sometimes he uses tags of language as he has heard others do; behind not a few of his fine-sounding sentences one can discover no thought, no evidence of real reflection. They are empty, they have no logical connection, but are suggested to him by their sound alone. Touchstone, it must not be forgotten, is both a foil to Jaques in his speeches and a caricature of Oliver and Sylvius in his courtship of Audrey.

## HOW TO THINK ABOUT THE PLAY

THE following typical questions have been framed and grouped in such a way as to indicate some of the principal modes in which a play of Shakespeare should be studied.

### I. CONSTRUCTION

1. What are the main threads of story combined in *As You Like It*?

2. By what means is each of these threads connected with the others, so that the whole forms one play?

3. Select one of these threads and trace its course through the play.

4. In what incident do you consider the climax of interest to be reached?

5. Point out one or two places in which the interest is comparatively low.

6. Why is *As You Like It* called a "comedy"? Why is it called a "romantic" comedy?

## II. STORY

1. Recount in detail, and in narrative form, the events which take place in Act III.

2. Compose an account of the events that occurred in the forest as they would be viewed by Phœbe the shepherdess.

3. Tell in the person of William the story of his encounter with Touchstone.

4. Write a letter from Orlando to his brother Jaques, dwelling on (a) Oliver's treatment of them, (b) the wrestling match, (c) his adventures in Arden.

## III. CHARACTERS

1. Make character-sketches of the following, touching upon personal appearance as well as upon mental and moral features, and supplying references to passages in the play in support of your opinions:

- (a) Rosalind *or* Celia.
- (b) Orlando *or* Oliver.
- (c) Duke Frederick *or* Duke Senior.
- (d) Charles *or* Le Beau.

2. Compare the characters of Rosalind and Celia, *or* of Orlando and Oliver, *or* of Duke Frederick and Duke Senior.



# AN ACTING APPENDIX

BY EVELYN SMITH, B.A.

If a few scenes are to be done as a form-room play an effective setting can easily be contrived. Bisect the room so that the half with the best light, the most convenient exit, and so on, may be used for the stage, and move the desks in close rows facing this. A backcloth of green with a frieze of real beech branches and a conventional dado of real moon-daisies, on either side of the proscenium, a pedestal made of stools from the laboratory, tightly swathed in green canvas, bearing a great jar of big decorative flowers such as larkspur or lupins—and there you have the garden or forest environment. The same staging is good in the big hall—but the frieze and dado must be designed more boldly, so that the effect may be a striking one. If money permits the arras stage is the most convenient and effective for the temporary theatre. The simplest form is shown on p. 158.

The many possible variations of this type, and its appearance as an interior, a garden, or a street, are described in a chapter of that most practical and suggestive little book—*Shakespeare for Community Players*, by Roy Mitchell (Dent and Sons).

If it is not possible to act the whole play, the following makes an interesting and connected little piece. Eight speaking characters are needed—the two Dukes, Amiens and Jaques, Oliver and Orlando, Rosalind and Celia, accompanied by a few lords as foresters. The time of its performance is about one and a quarter hours.

## Scene I. *The Quarrel between the Brothers.*

Act I. Scene i., from "Enter Oliver" to "with that I will go buy my fortunes." End the scene thus:

*Oliver.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?

*Orlando.* I will go seek the old Duke in the Forest of Arden.

*Oliver.* Well, sir, get you gone: I will not long be troubled with you  
—I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns  
neither.

[*Exit Oliver.*]

*Orlando.* [*Looking sadly after him.*] What, wouldst thou have me  
go and beg my food?

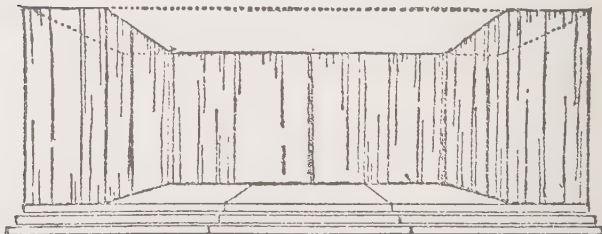
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

## AN ACTING APPENDIX

This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
And yet I'll not subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.  
I must away. Now, fortune, stand for me!  
And ere I have my youthful wages spent,  
I'll light upon some settled low content.

[Exit Orlando.]



ELEVATION



GROUND PLAN  
DIAGRAM OF STAGE

Scene II. *The Banishment of Rosalind.*

Scene III. Orlando is befriended by the Banished Duke.

Act II. Scene i. Let Jaques enter with the other forester-lords. The Duke, seated, speaks to Jaques and Amiens while the others make preparations for a meal.

Play as far as line 20, "so sweet a style"; then let Orlando enter with his sword drawn, and continue with Act II. Scene vii., from line 87 to line 104, "move us to gentleness." Orlando then says:

## AN ACTING APPENDIX

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort.

While the foresters bring Orlando meat and drink, the Duke says:

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy, etc.

and Jaques answers with his description of the Seven Ages of Man. The Duke then says to Orlando:

Thou art right welcome: I will not trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music, and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

and, at the end of the song, when Orlando has finished his meal, comes the Duke's speech as in the play:

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
omitting the words spoken to Adam.

Scene IV. *The Lovers' Meeting.*

Act III. Scene ii., Orlando's speech: "Hang there, my verse." Omit Corin and Touchstone dialogue. Let Rosalind enter reading her discovered love-poem "From the east to western Ind," and let Celia read it over her shoulder.

Rosalind then says: "Didst thou hear these verses?" Celia answers: "O, yes, I heard them. Trow you who hath done this?" Continue scene as in the play to Orlando's "Now, by the faith of my love, I will." End with part of Act IV. Scene i. as follows:

*Rosalind.* Nay, you must call me *Rosalind*.

*Orlando.* [*Amused.*] For these two hours, "*Rosalind*." I will leave thee and so on, to the end of Act IV. Scene i.

Scene V. *Orlando discovers Rosalind's Identity.*

Act III. Scene iv. "Never talk to me, I will weep," to "'was', is not 'is.'" Then let Celia add "Who comes here?" and play Act IV. Scene iii. from "Enter Oliver" to "counterfeit to be a man."

Then enter Duke, Jaques, Amiens, Foresters, and Orlando with his arm in a sling. Rosalind at once goes to her father. End thus:

*Duke.* [*Puzzled.*] I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughters' favour

*Rosalind.* [*Taking his hand.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Orlando.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orlando.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

## AN ACTING APPENDIX

*Rosalind.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:

I'll have no husband, if *you* be not he.

*Duke.* [*To Celia.*] O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

*Oliver.* [*To Orlando.*] All the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's  
will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Jaques.* [*To Amiens.*] Have you no song, my lord, for this purpose?

*Amiens.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaques.* I thank it. Sing, I prithee, sing. I can suck melancholy out  
of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. Sing.

I prithee, sing.

*Amiens.* My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

*Jaques.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to *sing*.

Amiens' song, "Under the greenwood tree," after which the  
Duke says:

Proceed, proceed: we will begin this rite,  
As we do trust it'll end, in dances and delight.

Dance: Orlando and Rosalind; Oliver and Celia. When it is  
ended, Amiens sings again, softly, the refrain of his song:

Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

And so the play ends.

In the first scenes Rosalind and Celia wear long gowns open at the throat and cut princess style, with girdles. The sleeves may be single or double. The colours should be fresh and gay. The Dukes are clad in long tunics or gowns made of some dark rich-looking material, and edged with fur. The courtiers are dressed as foresters—in short tunics, hose, and soft shoes turned over just above the ankle. Their garments are Lincoln green or russet brown; Jaques should wear black. The same type of men's dress is worn by Oliver and Orlando. Rosalind's should be of a different colour from that of the forest-courtiers—say, pale brown and flower-pot colour. She carries a boar-spear; the Duke's followers bows and arrows, spears, or hunting-knives. Celia, as Aliena, and Phebe wear the usual peasant's dress with gaily striped skirt, and a big straw hat or brightly-coloured handkerchief knotted round the head. Smocks and slouch hats are the easiest and best dresses for Silvius, Corin, and William. They should wear cross-binding over their stockings. Touchstone's is the usual motley jester's dress with cap and bells, and should be copied carefully from a picture.







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